



The epic story of the god Huitzilopochtli, who was born dressed in his armor and prepared for war, is sung in these pages.

This illustrated book recreates the slaughter perpetuated by the god of war against his own brothers to defend their mother.

When you open it ... you will have the vision of an ancient, extinct and wonderful culture. This world is kept alive by echoes of poets yearning to speak to their ancestors.

Pablo Ricardo Silva Guadarrama

Huitzilopochtli

# ETERNAL WAR

Editorial Vulpes





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Huitzilopochtli  
Eternal war



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Title: Huitzilopochtli. Eternal war

Author and illustrations:

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Published by: Independently Published

ISBN: 9798500358608

Editorial edition: Editorial Vulpes



To my mother



# Prologue

Five hundred years have passed since the fall of Tenochtitlan in 1521, which meant the end of a culture, of a way of thinking and living. It is easy to wonder: What remains of the Aztecs today? The answer is impressive: pyramids, food, mythology, words used by all languages, codices, etc. All this is proof that this civilization had technological creations on a par with the Greek and Egyptian, conceived as the basis of Western societies.

It is often said that the book arrived in America, specifically New Spain in the year 1539, but the only thing that arrived was the printing press. Since, after the carbon test, the Mayan codex of Mexico, the oldest discovered, is dated to the year 1021. This means that Mesoamerican cultures had ancient codices, some were even used for common people. And his written language was pictographic: the images were as-

sociated with syllables. These images were put together in a complex composition of the sheet to produce the proper order of the words. It was a symbol reading and they managed to produce complex concepts.

The beauty of language lies in poetic expression. And this marked various generations and Mesoamerican regions. As an example, during the siege of the city of Tenochtitlan, in its last moments, various Mexica informants wrote poems about its fall. The lyrical tone of this poem, as years before in those of King Nezahualcóyotl, tend to represent the suffering due to the current situation “poetic voice” and combine it with existential reflections of man’s passage through this world.

This book wants to commemorate five hundred years since the fall of Tenochtitlan, and a thousand years of poetry drawn for those who want to find words and meaning in its symbols. In this way, inspire the next generation to continue investigating, as did the settlers of New Spain, and after present-day Mexico, by various personalities of all kinds: from Fray Bernardino de Sahagún to Miguel León Portilla.

“Where are we going? Oh, friends! Then was it true?  
They already leave Mexico City:  
the smoke is rising; the fog is spreading ...”

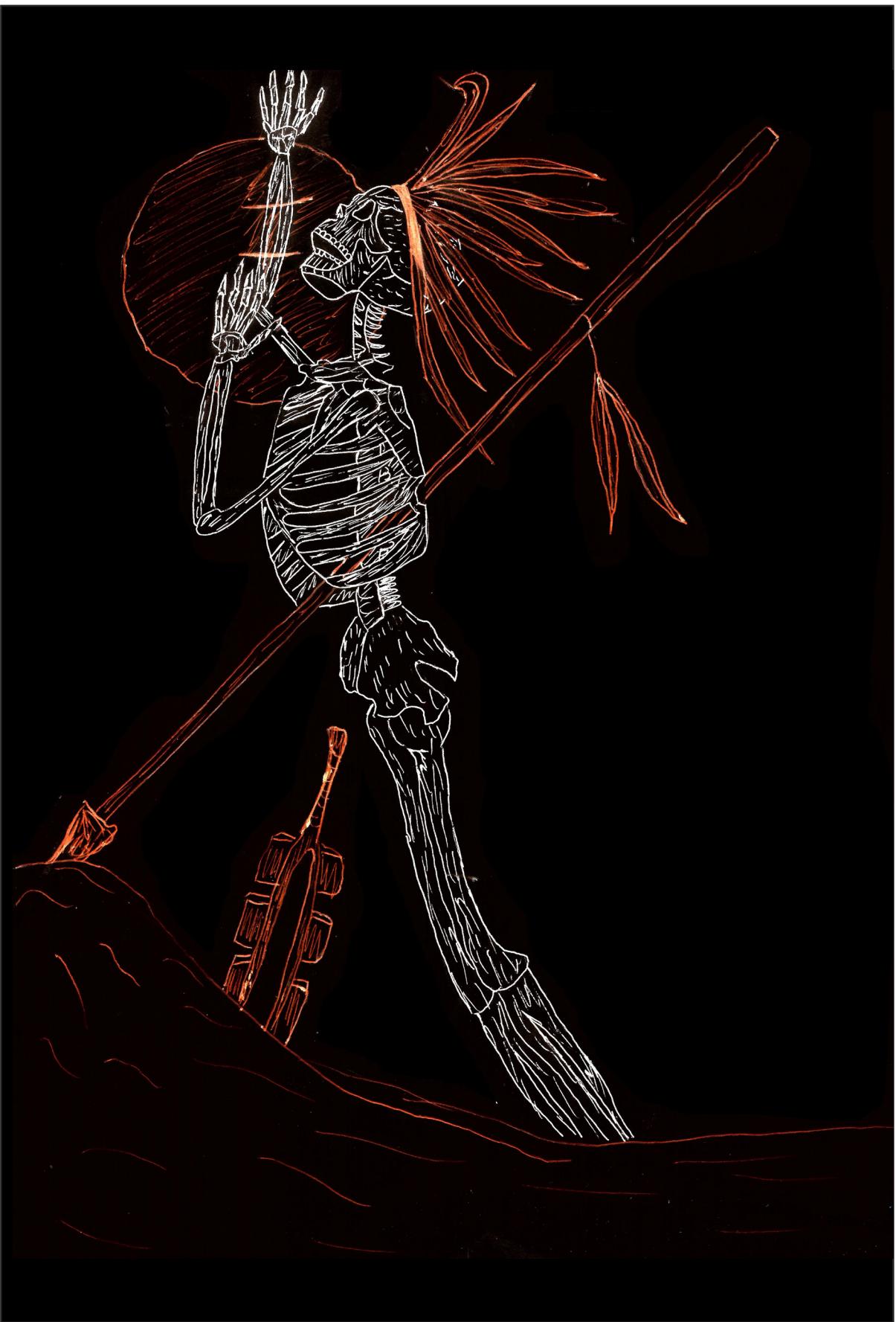
—*Cantares mexicanos*, anonymous.

“Like a painting  
we will be erasing.  
Like a flower,  
we will go drying  
here on earth. “

—Nezahualcóyotl



Centzon Huitznáhuac



# ¶

I gather all the strength of my voice,  
while I humble myself defeated  
before sunset.

It is my night, the affront to our mother,  
and she is my mother, the dawn of my  
days.

This wounded divinity lies here  
forgotten and nameless by his people.

My little brother, an infant,  
a prodigy that nobody asked for,  
fade these words  
uttered with rage and fear,  
while annihilating our army.

Nothing matters anymore and my head  
recreates the past.

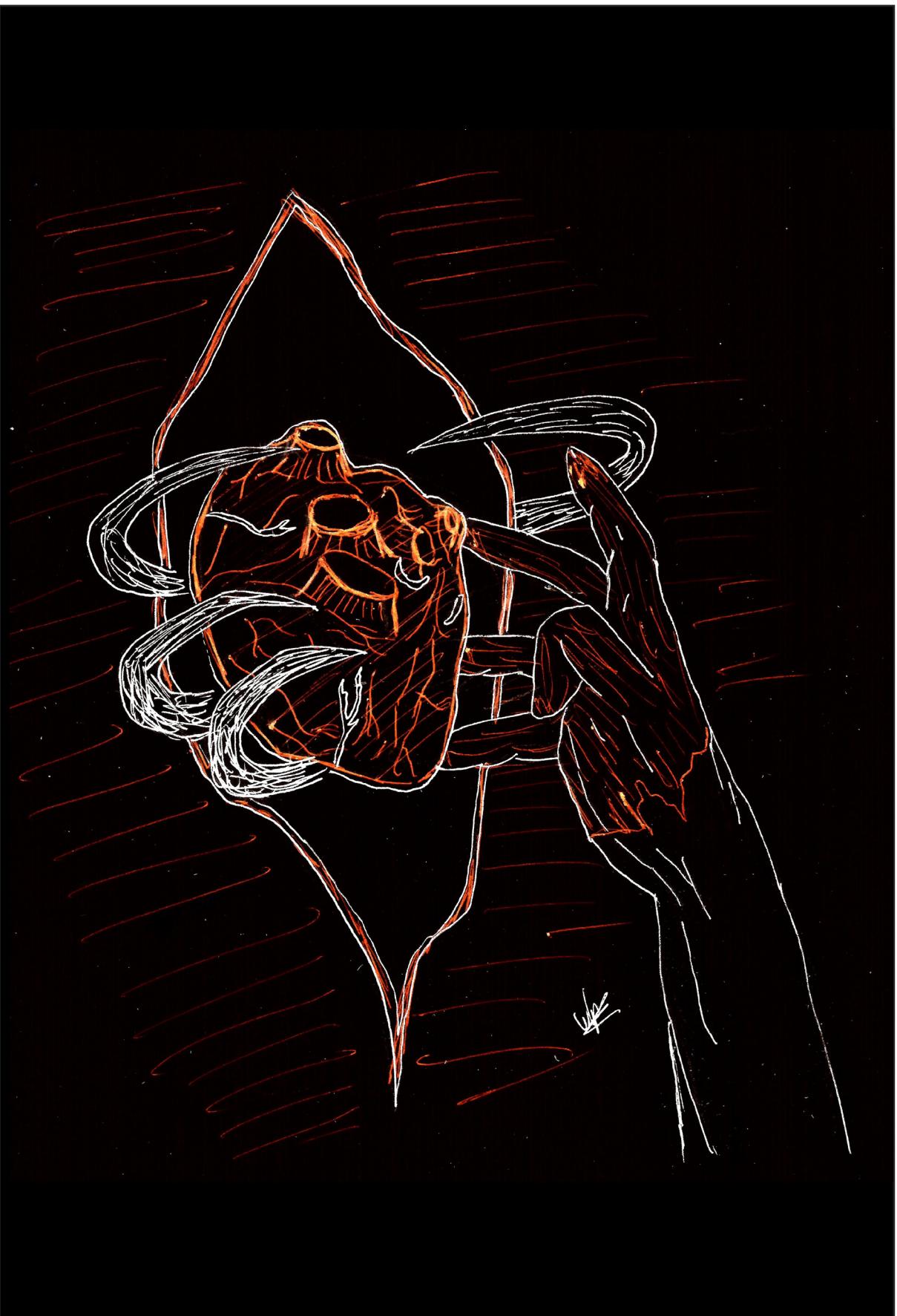


Coatlicue

## II

Mother, I remember your indestructible caress,  
the powerful embrace of your thousands of snakes,  
the walking power that destroys mountains.

You taught me everything: the universe,  
the value of the land, the offering,  
and why death is necessary  
for life to happen: “Both forces  
sway, because existence itself  
means reaffirming,  
that’s why the fox kills the rabbit,  
the sun dies and is reborn every day,  
death swallows the dead,  
melts and recreates them in other lives:  
so the most beautiful field is that  
where there was a battle”.



All your children we love you  
and the most blind love is the most sick and dangerous...

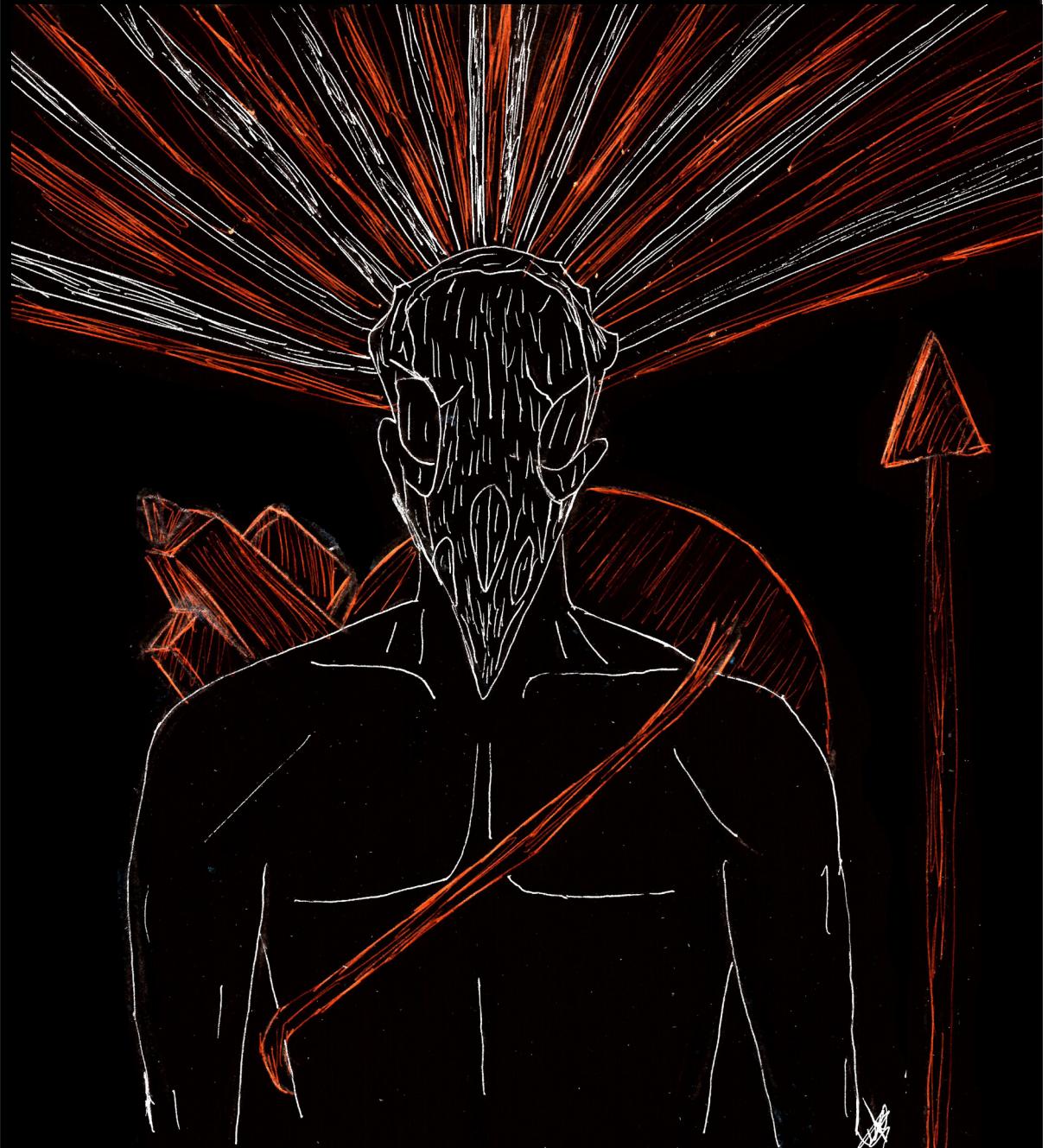
That's love? I think not.  
Love forgives, supports and creates.

And we wished for your death  
grief and destruction.

What purpose was it?  
Clean up honor.

Magnanimous mother, during your penance  
when cleaning the temple the most beautiful fell  
feathers of the world, a gift just for you.  
Hedonist for their admiration you approached them  
to your belly; they were warm, calm, and delightful.

I understand now:  
It was virtue, not vice, nor sin,  
the birth of the bastard son.



Huitzilopochtli

## III

Why didn't we get it?  
What made us blind?  
If its existence were accepted,  
I wouldn't need reaffirmation  
and, therefore, there would be no  
than to give us death and give ourselves life.

That is why he hunted us and swallowed us  
like prey:  
he was the eagle with the precise scope  
who used the zephyr wind in his favor  
to take us to winter in a second.

And it was the creeping and silent serpent  
that attacks with its patient poison our  
bare legs in the placid moor.

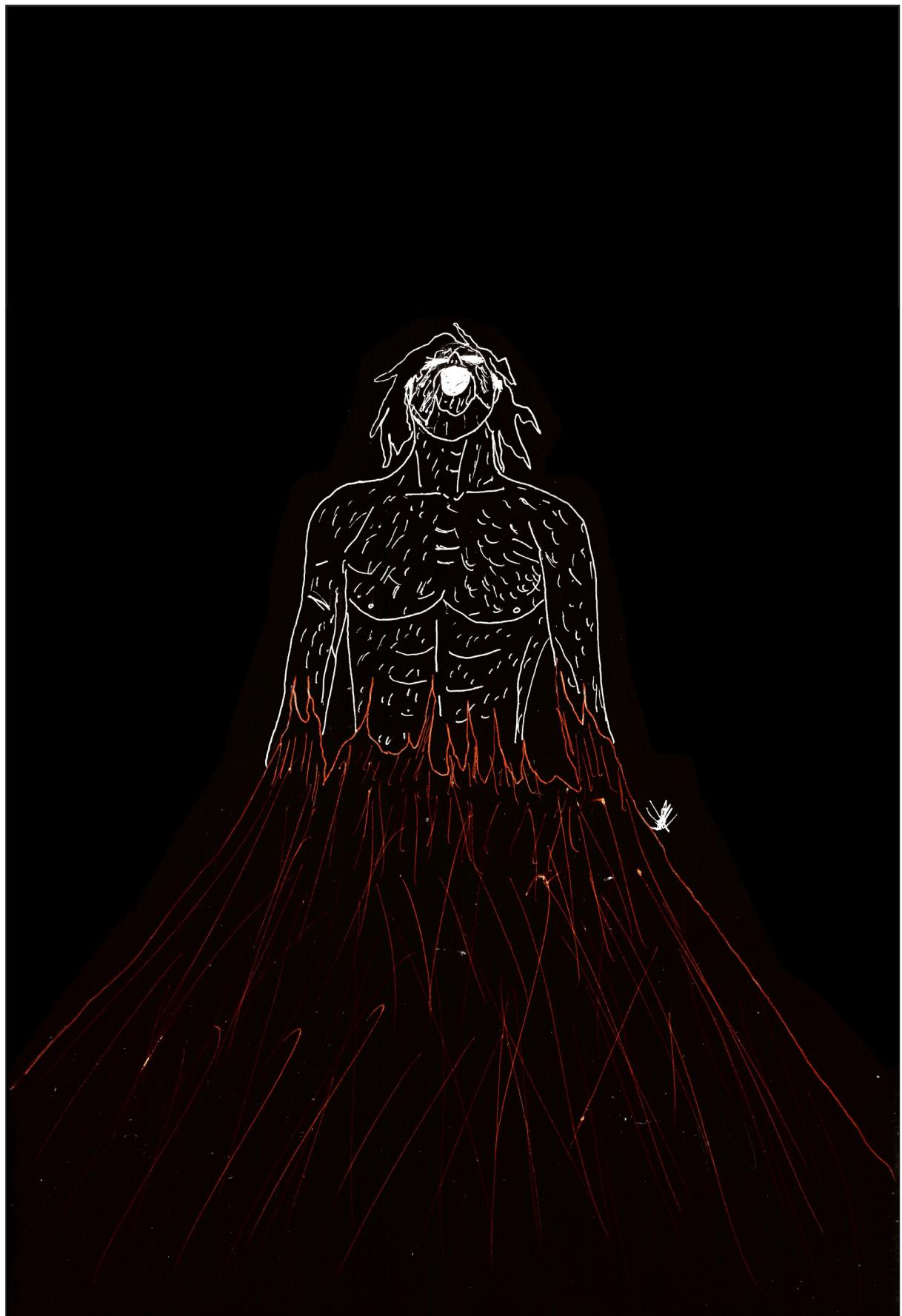


## IV

Only his innate ability to kill mattered  
and protect our mother,  
that's love?

There was something else, because so much  
power...  
He could stop us, He could convince us!

Our mother was his excuse  
the excuse of his victory.  
Mother, can't you see it? He is not perfect!



I don't forgive him  
how I do not forgive  
the hatred I felt towards you:  
that intolerance  
and blindness with our family,  
with our blood.

And all for unreal concepts,  
by language fantasies:  
purity, perfection...  
Those obscenities  
they are terrible in the hands of fools.



Copolxauhqui

That is why we are nameless gods,  
lost,  
used by our sister,  
the most offended among us.

She took from the bowels of the earth  
obsidian and flint.  
So he fixed us up like children  
in war clothes.  
And she became our new mother;  
taught us new things...

It made us feel that in hatred we revealed  
the truth, but we put a bandage that covered our faces  
and made us march proud and fearless  
to our death.

“Fanatics”, so they are called, that is our name.  
We weren’t to serve a greater purpose  
it was ignorance and lack of judgment.



Centzon Huitznáhuac

# ¶

Oh sister! I have forgotten your words  
How I forgot myself  
Your orders were my life... Sad last days!  
I could smell, yearn, build, create...  
I could be the god of my own destiny  
but I determined to blindly follow the footsteps of



# Cuahuitláac



# ¶

Brother, I hear your voice.

You were not born  
and I'm already afraid  
of your avid thirst for death  
for these four hundred obsidian swords  
that we march towards you.

How can you know the doubt of my heart?  
What merits do you have, unborn?  
How do you show me the near future?

I bow to your chilling divinity ...  
show me your plan,  
because I will always support you.



Cuahuitlīcat

You will need to know our progress;  
I will give it to you.

Tell me, how will you win?  
What hidden forces?

Remove the restlessness of this faithful ally  
and when you do; forgive my offenses.

There is not enough time...



Tonatiuh

## II

Attentive and focused;  
you are already a soldier...!

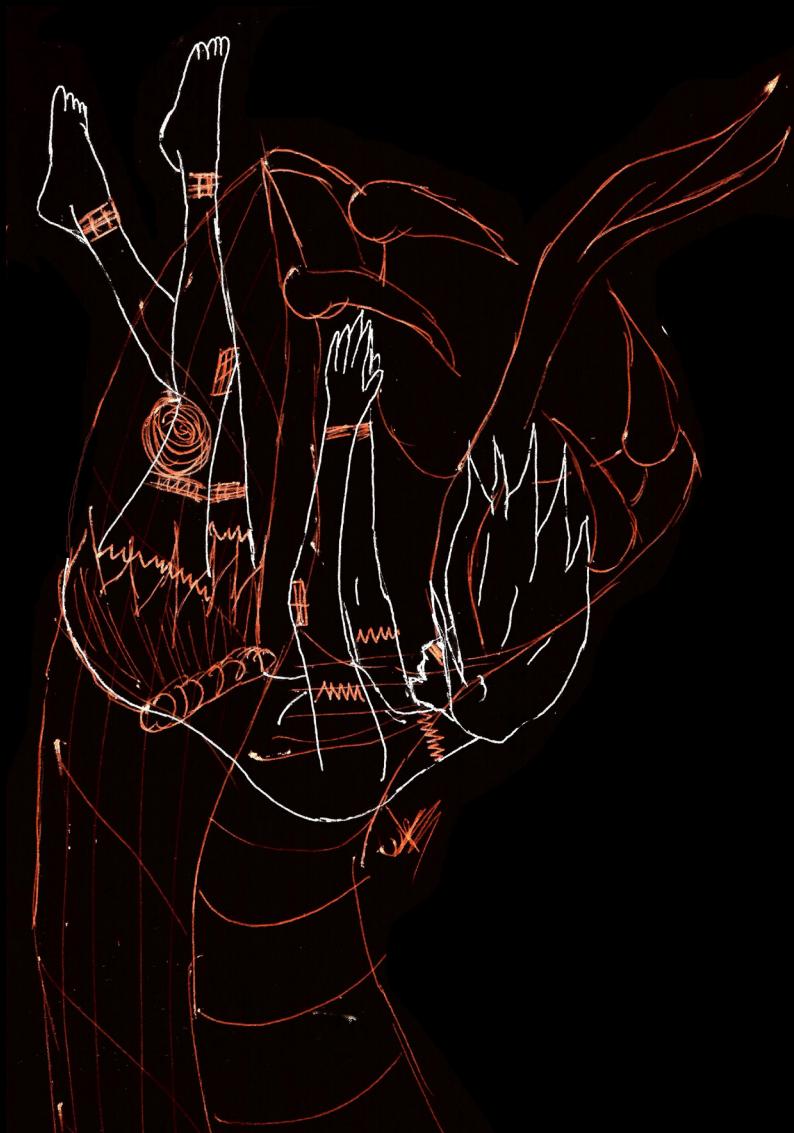
I am an army  
well my father is the god  
who sacrificed his life at the stake  
and was reborn in the sun,  
the fifth sun created by the gods,  
unique in heaven, perfect  
and indestructible ...  
Two fire snakes charge  
their throne and follow the path of time.

I will take a sepirte  
and I will use it as a weapon  
to burn my brothers.



They will fight  
and their magnificent bodies  
they will be earthquakes on the mountain,  
my sword will make furrows  
in their skulls,  
and his chest will sound like the storm  
in high sea.

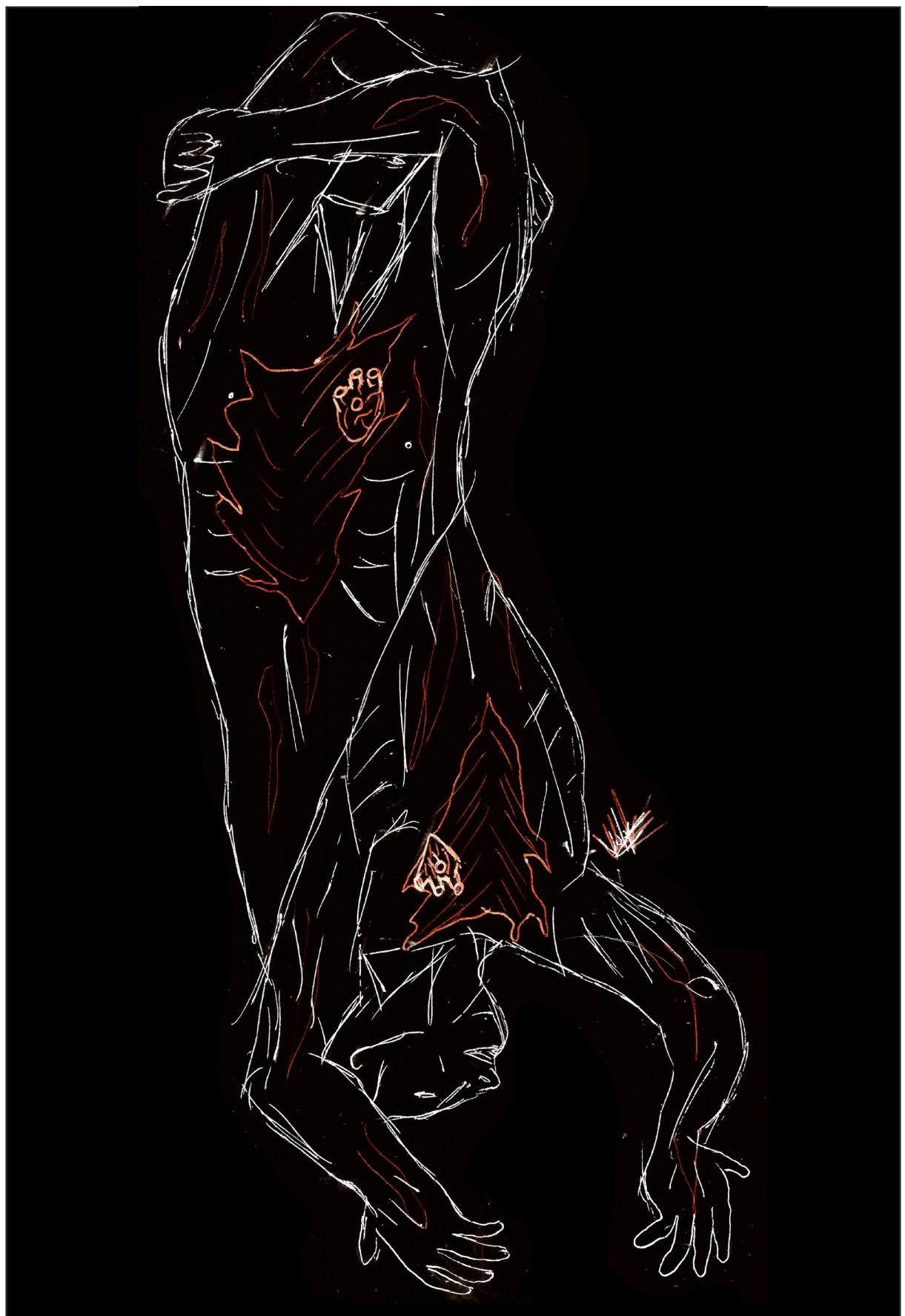
Every heart will be my trophy  
and I will never ask for less than that...



I will humiliate our sister,  
the strongest one:  
your spoken words  
they will be mute against me;  
I will take her neck and let her admire me;  
I will cut off his hands and taste his blood;  
I will cut off his head  
and will roll at the feet of the world.  
Every night my mother will be able to see her  
high up, bright...  
It will be the moon, representative  
of his defeat at the end of the day.



# Coatlicue



# ¶

My voracious hunger for other people's lives.

I demand your existence between my jaws  
to perpetuate the stability of your feet.  
Everything moves.

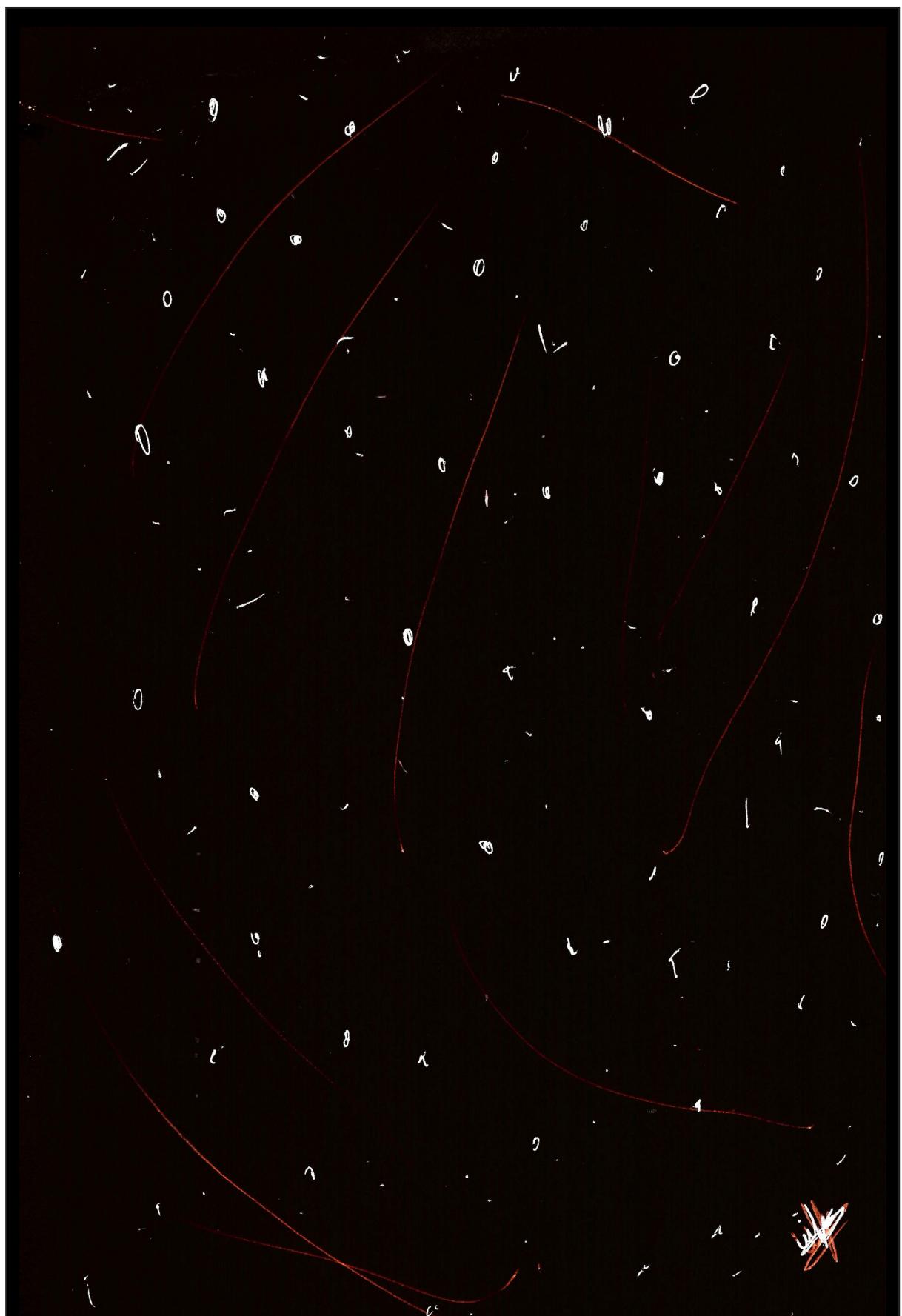
Do you think the world will still be there for you?

Such power is only conferred on the gods,  
because we perpetuate the action.

Nothing is free and we demand sacrifice:  
hearts, bodies and blood.

The order and movement are contradictory.  
The reality is changing, everything dies  
and life is the beautiful proof of this.  
Without existence, death would be meaningless.

I breathe and it is the reason for my anxiety:  
I am the world, the earth,  
the mother of all,  
the appetite  
and life.

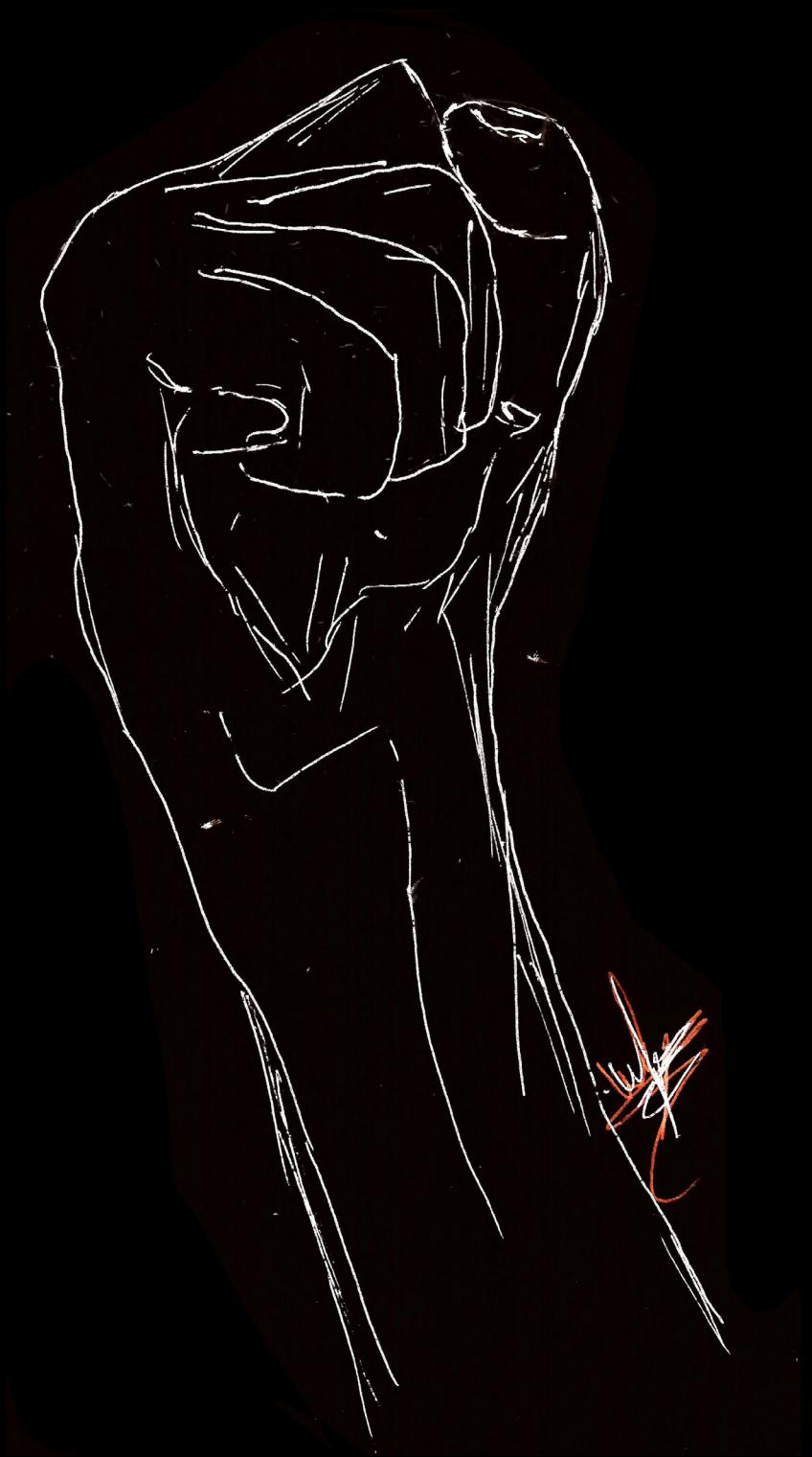


## II

My children will kill themselves.

I will see their hopes and dreams fall.  
Their deaths will make sense in existence  
of the firmament, because now they will be stars.

They exist at night and die at sunrise.  
The victory of the son of the sun will stand  
in all hearts,  
until existence  
same finish.



## III

Every day is a colossal battle,  
one where there are no luxuries of rest.

Tomorrow may not exist ...

Fight, devour, swallow, live, exist.  
Scream between mountains so that the echo  
come back to you, so you will know that you are alive.



# Epílogo



Brother,

I curse your cause: “You will lead a people  
who will reach greatness by submitting  
to their equals. But others will arrive  
that will defeat yours,  
and you will be humiliated.

It will be your ruin, the ruin of the suns,  
of our language and of your life as god.  
You will never regain strength, nor will you have a people,  
no altars.

Time will cover you with dirt. And when nobody  
remember you; you will be my brother again.”